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The EXAMINER.

From Friday *April* 10, to Monday *April* 13, 1713.

——*Nec Vox hominem ſonat ; O Dea, certè !* Virgil.

AMIDST all that Party-Rage which rends and diſtracts us, thoſe Feats, Jealouſies, and unnatural Contentions, the Engines and Utenſils of Faction, the Seeds and Elements of Confuſion, which reign in the Body Politick, which drain it of ſo much Health, Vigour and Beauty, I am pleaſed with obſerving, That our Condition is not quite hopeleſs and deſperate, nor the Evils we labour under altogether Incurable ; ſince the generality of our People are already arrived at a true Senſe of their Misfortunes, and directed by a Loyal Impulſe to look up to *Her Majeſty* for Relief. Let no *Secular Sceptick* queſtion Her undoubted Title, as She is the *Sole* and *Immediate Vicegerent of Heaven*, when he ſees a Diſtreſs'd Nation throw it ſelf at *Her* Feet, as the laſt Refuge and Reſort, for Help againſt all its inteſtine Wants and Annoyances. Full of this Perſuaſion, our People long'd with a painful Impatience for the opening of this *Seſſion* of *Parliament*, to hear their Happineſs confirm'd by thoſe Sacred Lips, and drink in the Balm their Wounds gap'd for. Never was the *Senate* ſo crouded before ; nor could any Tidings from the *Guardian Angel* of our Iſland be ſo greedily attended to, or ſo ſwiftly diſpers'd, as was *Her Majeſty's* moſt *Gracious Speech* ; which yet has outgone our moſt Sanguine Hopes, and raiſed our real Happineſs above what our Imagination had painted, in the gayeſt Scenes and brighteſt Images. Such a QUEEN truly deſerves an Obedient and United People, who with the *Words of Her Mouth* can heal the Wounds of the State, as with the *Touch* of *Her Hand* ſhe cures thoſe of the Body ! How unhappy, how imperfect in their Conſtitution, were the old *Republicks* of *Greece*, who amidſt their Civil Diſſentions, had no common Umpire in the Throne, no ſuch unerring *Oracle* to reſort to, that might preſcribe the Method for ſecuring their Liberties, and in unambiguous Terms, direct them in the way to Victory and Peace, Unity, Plenty and Tranquility ? How wretchedly miſtaken are thoſe *Eaſtern Monarchs*, who are never heard but in diſtant Thunder, the Bolts of Tiranny ; who paſs away their *Reigns* in a ſullen majeſtick Silence ; and often expire in a Storm, for want of allaying it with a gentle Breeze of Royal Breath, and a little condeſcending Converſation with their Subjects..

Good Princes, like Gods, whenever they utter themſelves to thoſe beneath them, make a clear diſcovery of their own Perfections, at the ſame time that they teach others their Duty. What *Her Majeſty* has deliver'd, contains the indelible Records of *Her* Wiſdom, how Great, how Extenſive ! *Her* Vigilance, how conſtant and Indefatigable ! *Her* Juſtice, how Unſhaken and Inviolable ! *Her* Clemency, how Diffuſive and Engaging ! *Her* unwearied Care and Love of *Her* People, *Her* Allies, and all *Europe* ! *She* is ſo very good, ſo abſtracted from *Her* Self, and ſo firmly wedded to the Publick, that but to doubt of the returns of Gratitude, or to delay paying them, were a Crime that need not make us apprehend any greater Puniſhment than what attends the Commiſſion of it. Had any of thoſe States or Powers, whoſe Ambition we dread, or whoſe Favour we court, whilſt we neglect or diſtruſt our own Country, ſuch a *Monarch*, ſuch a *Queen* at their Head ; *Great Britain* might be excus'd from taking ſuch Pains to leſſen Her Self, and undervalue the Glory of giving Laws to *Europe*. *Her Majeſty* has ſpoken ; and ſhall we then ſuffer Faction to be heard any more ? Shall the Blaſphemer, the Murmerer, the Trumpeter of War and Sedition, the Rebel in Maſquerade, the diſappointed Plunderer, the Whiſperer of Treaſon, the Seducer of the Mob, the premeditating Lyar, the wilful Slanderer, and all the whole Herd of clamorous Animals, the *Swarm* of *Pampbleteers*, that Conſort of Buzzing Inſects, that Train of *Rattle-Snakes*, who exhibit Noiſe and Poiſon at the ſame time ; ſhall theſe win any longer upon our Attention, betray us into the Guilt of Liſtening, or the Infirmity of approving and believing thoſe wild Suſpicions and monſtrous Abſurdities, which are the Dictates and Language of *Faction*, whilſt we enjoy the gracious Opportunity of being charmed into Happineſs by the Voice of *Majeſty*, and the prevailing Eloquence of Wiſdom, Vertue and Goodneſs ? Why ſhould we Ruin our ſelves, when our *Queen* aſſures us, none but our ſelves can accompliſh it ? Why ſhould we Fear, ſince *She*, who is all Tenderneſs for *Her* People, breaths a Bravery as great as that which animated *Her* famed Predeceſſor *Elizabeth*, and ſpeaks a Reſignation to Providence, ſuch as ſhines out as conſpicuous in *Her* Succeſſes, as ever it did in the Misfortunes of *Her* Royal *Grandfather*, and which can have no other ſolid Foundation but true Honour and conſummate Piety ? Why ſhould we be Jealous, ſince ſhe has ſatisfied us, That *She* can have no other, no ſecond Love, but *Her* People ? Why ſhould we be divided, ſeparated, and rent from our Fellow-Subjects, when there is no other Power in being, upon which to place our Affections, that can ſo well and ſo amply deſerve them ? I ſhould therefore think, that *Faction*, in juſtice to it ſelf, ought to retire a while, and be ſilent. How can it hope to ſucceed in a Reign like this ? Were it not adviſable to give over the Game, and defer its future Deſigns to a more favourable Juncture ? We have been too long cheated with *Words*, ruffled with empty Wind gather'd into a Storm : What has been Poiſon to the State, may prove as effectual an Antidote ; and they, who have been corrupted by the Incantations of Sorcerers, deluded by Words without weight, without any Meaning but Miſchief, may take in the Remedy at the ſame *Senſe*, and be convinced and reform'd by the Words of their Sovereign, full of Authentick Vertue, Sincerity and Truth.

That ſingle *Leaf*, which this Great, this Auſpicious *Sybil* of our Country has unfolded before the *Repreſentative Wiſdom* of the moſt knowing People in the World, contains a full State of all our Wants and Misfortunes, and applies the wholeſome Method that can give us eaſe in Both. All the yearly Poiſon that has been diſpers'd in Paper, and all the projected Politicks, which have ſo long burden'd the Preſs and the Minds of a miſguided Party, ſhould now looſe its Energy, and, in pity to the Authors, be delivered up to Oblivion.

Can we any longer doubt of the Security of the *Proteſtant Religion* and *Succeſſion*, when they, who wickedly charg'd their Fellow-Subjects with the anticipated Guilt

of

[illegible]jury and Apoſtacy, who accuſed the Church of [illegible]dal of a ridiculous abſurd Conſpiracy againſt her [illegible]t, and branded the *Houſe* of *Hanover* with a Diſaffection to *Great Britain*, ſuch as betray'd a Weakneſs that perfectly defeated the Scandal, may *now be convinc'd, that all their Attempts to Divide that Illuſtrious Family from* Her Majeſty, *and to make a Merit by ſeparating their Intereſts*, are vain and ineffectual; and that the wretched Contrivers of that inhuman Machination *ſhall never attain their ill Ends.*

Our moſt Excellent *Queen*, whoſe Words as well as Actions, every good Subject may apply to themſelves, and enjoy the Bleſſings they derive to us, diſdains the mean Arts of burdening Her People, in order to ſecure their Allegiance, or fixing *Her* Crown by loading it with the additional Weight of a Yoke; and therefore generouſly leaves the *Quota* of future Supplies to *Her* Faithful *Commons*, and makes their Judgment of their own Safety the Meaſure of Her Demands. She diſdains the Project of a *Standing Army*; and tho' She has neglected none of thoſe Securities which ariſe from *Foreign Alliances*, and which all *Europe* owes *Her* by a thouſand Engagements, yet, next to the *Divine Providence*, *She* profeſſes to rely entirely *on the Affection and Loyalty of Her People*: For *Her* Piety claims a Title to the firſt, and *Her* Goodneſs to the ſecond: 'Tis therefore a Noble, a Generous, and a Rational Concluſion, when *She* ſays, *I want no other Guarranty.*

By recommending a *ſpeedy and effectual Remedy* for the *Impious Practiſe of Duelling*, Her *Majeſty* ties up the Hands of a Blood-thirſty Faction, and prevents our Civil Diſcontent from riſing to an open Rupture. By expreſſing *Her* diſpleaſure *at the unparallell'd Licentiouſneſs, in publiſhing ſeditious and ſcandalous Libels*, She diſarms the more ſecret, but not leſs fatal Fury of the clandeſtine Murderer; ſets a Mark of Infamy upon the *Duel* of the Quill: And when *She* complains of the *Impunity of thoſe who Blaſpheme every Thing Sacred, and Propagate Opinions tending to the Overthrow of all Religion and Government*, the honeſt Zeal of *Her* Auguſt *Senate* receives a double Warmth, and is animated to vindicate the Injuries done to an indulgent State, to ſupport the Honour of God and his Church, and reſcue the God-like Name of *Liberty* from being proſtituted, and made a Shelter for the moſt daring and helliſh Impieties.

Let thoſe, who have oppoſed *Her Majeſty's* generous Deſigns (now happily accompliſh'd) *to procure for Her own Subjects ſuch Advantages by the Peace, as may, by degrees, repair what they have ſuffered during ſo long and burdenſome a War*, bluſh for their Ingratitude and baſe Treachery, when they come to taſt the Sweets of being made Happy by Compulſion, and to give their Avarice a more excuſable Turn, that it may prey upon Foreigners, and fatten upon the Welfare and not the Ruin of their Country. Nor could *Her Majeſty* more effectually reſtore and eſtabliſh *Publick Credit*, than by recommending *the eaſing of our Foreign Trade*, and the *encouraging and improving our Manufactures at Home*, as the only way to make Plenty a more diffuſive Bleſſing, and take the Wealth of the Nation out of the Hands of a Sett of Men, who have *Two* private Intereſts to ſerve, their Perſonal Intereſt, and the Intereſt of their Party, in oppoſition to the ſingle Intereſt of the Publick; who divide their Devotions between *Faction* and *Mammon*; the *Whig* often gets the better of the *Miſer*; and they are not ſuch Bigots to Avarice, but they can *occaſionally* prefer the Service of the *Fury* to that of the *Idol*.

How generouſly does the good *Queen* expreſs Her Concern for *Thoſe brave Men, who have ſerv'd well by Sea or Land, this War*, and engage *Her* Parliament to *take Care of them!* The truly Brave, who know for whom they have Fought, and conſider *Loyalty* and *Gratitude*, as Vertues equally *Heroick* with *Conduct* and *Courage*, will be ſenſibly affected with this endearing Act of Royal Condeſcenſion. After ſuch an Obligation to Duty and Fidelity, if any of them ſhould be found in the Service of a Faction, I know not how they can expect to be treated but as the vileſt *Mercenaries*, and worſt of *Deſerters.*

But the moſt glorious and moſt reviving Tidings, whoſe ſolemn Confirmation Merits no leſs a Conveyance than the Throne, are that joyful *Proeme*, in which the *Royal Orator* diſcloſes the happy Conſummation of all *Her* Wiſdom, Care, and Conſtancy, by the concluſion of a *General Peace.* What *She tells with Pleaſure*, every good Subject muſt hear with Extacy, when the Happineſs diſcovered to us, and brought down to our Embraces, is ſuch as one half of the preſent Generation have had but a tranſient Glimpſe of, a ſhort interval of Enjoyment. When all the bright Parts and Circumſtances of this long-expected Bleſſing ſhall be laid open to the wiſhing Eyes of a thankful People, where will thoſe Wretches appear, who have ſo long deprived us of what alone could make us truly Great and Happy? How can they attone for their barbarous Uſage of thoſe glorious Names, to whoſe unweary'd Induſtry and ſurprizing Conduct we owe the Completion of our Hopes and Prayers, but by appearing the firſt and moſt forward to adorn them with the *Publick Thanks*, for accompliſhing this great Work, and by delivering up the miſguided Crouds who follow them, to common Honeſty and common Senſe, to Unity and Obedience? For in our preſent Exceſſes of Joy, we can aſſign them no other Puniſhment, but the Performance of their Duty. How great was their Vanity, and how inſupportable their preſent Mortification, who contriv'd to obſtruct the common Felicity, at a time, when the Care of *Great Britain* was entruſted to ſuch Miniſters, to whoſe Glory even their ſtrongeſt and moſt exalted Malice cannot, by its deſeat, make any Addition? Whilſt *Ox*—— is at the Right Hand of the Throne, and *B l*—— at the Left, whoever approaches as an Enemy, muſt come no nearer than the Aſcent, and lie there faſt bound in Fetters, with a Look of Horror and Deſpair, admitted only to make a Part of the Triumphal Scene, and furniſh *Poets* and *Painters* with the proper Emblems and Garniture of Victory.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas *Subſcriptions* have been lately taken at the *Hague*, towards carrying on a *certain great Work*, which hath met with good Encouragement from ſeveral Perſons of *Quality* and others; notice is hereby given, That the Undertakers have at preſent laid aſide that Deſign, for another more beneficial to the Publick; but to do their Friends all the Honour they now are able, they intend ſhortly to publiſh the ſaid *Subſcription* at large, with a generous Offer, That thoſe who have *ſubſcribed* to the *Firſt Undertaking*, ſhall be admitted into the Second, *gratis*; and if any of them die, the *Surviver* is entituled to the ſame Advantage.

ERRATA in the *laſt EXAMINER.*

Col. 2. Line 15. For *in Heart*, read in *haſt*.
Col. 2. l. 21. For *Wonder*, read *Wonders*.
Col. 2. l. 48. For *ſix Months: In which*, read *ſix Months; in which.*
Col. 4. l. 50. For *and ſhamed the* Whigs, read *and ſhamed the*—— Whigs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Juſt Publiſhed,

†† Peace. A Poem: Inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke. Printed for John Barber, on Lambeth-Hill; and Henry Clements, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

§§§ The Four Volumes of Memoirs from the New Atalantis, in 8°. As alſo Four Parts, and an Appendix of JOHN BULL, Publiſhed by the Author of the ſaid New Atalantis. The Art of Political Lying, 2d Edition. The Conduct of the Allies, the 7th Edition. Remarks on the Barrier Treaty, 2d Edit. By the Author of the Conduct of the Allies. The Examiners for the Year 1710, 11. in one Volume in 12°. All Sold by John Morphew near Stationer's Hall.

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